

ful scouting, accepted only in part-that part which included the break. Forman had the fresh start and a walk over and held the trophy just two months, when it dawned upon him that Margaret loved dancing far more than she did him—a clumsy performer, and that she would dance night after night, the lightest, daintiest creature in the hop room, and never have a word or a look for him who leaned in gloomy admiration, against the wall and Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. The story opens with a scene in the regimental camp on Presidio Heights, overlooking San Francisco harbor. Rumors of mov

ing orders to Manila and the arrival from

New York of lady visitors at headquarters

vary the monotory of camp routine. The visitors are in search of a runaway boy,

who is believed to have entered the army, and Lieut. Gray, the most popular young

officer in his regiment, through a supposed acquaintance with one of the visiting party,

Miss Amy Lawrence, is envied by his fel-

lows. The party, escorted by Col. Arm-

strong, attends a review on the drill grounds, and is disturbed by the sight of a

the carriages Mrs Garrison, an old ac

quaintance of Col. Armstrong, is hurt. Pri-

vate Morton is arrested on a charge of stealing money. He appeals to Lieut. Gray

of his fraternity for help, and Gray secures the detail of guard over him. The troops prepare to sail for Manila. Mrs. Garrison

joins the Red Cross Society and assists at

the embarking. Young Morton and three other prisoners escape through a tunnel.

Gray is arrested, charged with having aided

CHAPTER VIII.

Social circles at West Point at long, rare

stirred by some kind of a sensation, and

the "Fairy Sisters" were the sensation of

the year '97. They came in July; they went

in September, and meanwhile they were

"on the go," as they expressed it, from

morn till late at night. Physically they

were the lightest weights known to the hop

room. Mentally, as their admirers in the corps expressed it, "either of them can

take a fall out of any woman at the Point,"

and this was especially true of the elder,

Mrs. Frank Garrison, whose husband was

on staff duty in the far west. Both were

stight, fragile, tiny blondes, with light blue eyes, with lighter, fluffy hair, with exqui-

site little hands and feet, with eval, pret-

tily shaped faces, and the younger, the

maiden sister, had a bewitching mouth and

regular snowy dots of teeth, of which she was justly proud. Yet, as has been previously said of Mrs. Frank, while the gen-

eral effect was in the case of each that of erai effect was in the case of each that of an extremely pretty young girl, the elder had no really good features; the younger enly that one. They generally dressed very much alike, in light, flimsy gowns, and hats, gloves and summer shoes all of dazzling

thite-sometimes verging for a change to creamy hue-but colors, except for sashes summer shawls, seemed banished from

their wardrobes. They danced divinely, said the corps, and preferred cadet partners, to the joy of the battalion. They rode

fearlessly and well, and had stunning hats

nd habits, but few opportunities for dis-lay thereof. They came tripping down the

path from the hotel every morning, fresh and fair as daisies, in time for guard mounting, and at any hour after that could

he found chatting with eader friends at the visitors' tent, strolling arm-in-arm about the shaded walks with some of their many admirers until time to dress for the even-

ing hop, where they never missed a dance, and on rainy days, or on those evenings when there was neither hop nor band prac-

tice, they could be found each in some dimly lighted, secluded nook about the north or west piazza or on the steps lead-

ing down to the "Chain Battery Walk," sometimes surrounded by a squad of cade

friends, but more frequently in murmured tele-a-tele with only one cavaller. In the case of Mrs. Frank no member of the corps seemed especially favored. She was just

the same to every one. In the case of her younger sister-Miss Terriss-there present-ly developed a dashing young cadet captain

who so scientifically conducted his cam-paign that he headed off almost all com-petitors and was presently accorded the

lead under the universally accepted theory that he had won the little lady's heart. Observant women—and what women are

not observant of each other?-declared both

sisters to be desperate flirts.

Society at the Point frowned upon them and, after the first formal call or two,

dropped them entirely-a thing they never

or dinner on the post-solemn functions no-

where near so palatable as the whispered homage of stalwart young manho d. "Nita

homage of stalwart young manhood. "Nita is yet such a child she infinitely prefers cadet society, and I always did like boys,"

explained Mrs. Garrison. Some rather gay old beys used to run up Saturday after-noons on the Mary Powell and spend Sun-

day at the Point-Wall street men of fifty years and much lucre. "Dear old friends of

father's," Mrs. Frank used to say, "and I've simply got to entertain them." En-tertained they certainly were, for her wit

and vivacity were acknowledged on every side, and entertained not only collectively, but severally, for she always managed to

ned to resent in the least, or even to no-They were never invited out to tea

oung prisoner, who breaks away from his guards near them, and by a collision among in gloomy admiration against the wall and never took his eyes off her. He became jealous, moody, ugly-tempered and finally had the good luck to get his conge as the result of an attempt to assert himself and limit her dances. She was blithe and radiant and fancy-free when Frank Garrison diant and fancy-free when Frank Garrison reached the post, a wee bit hipped, it was whispered, because of the failure of a somewhat half-hearted suit of his in the far east, and the fairy bounded into the darkness of his life and fairly dazzled him. Somebody had said Frank Garrison had

There is no need to tell of the disillusion that gradually came. Frank found his debts mounting up and his cares increasing. She was all sympathy and regret when he mentioned it, but—there were certain comforts, luxuries and things she had always been accustomed to, and couldn't live without. Surely he would not have her apply to papa. No, but—could she not manage with a little less? He was willing to give up his cigars (indeed, he had long since done so) and to make his uniforms last a very larger—he who was in his day. last a year longer—he who was in his day the most carefully dressed man at the Point. Well—she thought perhaps he ought to do that—besides—men's fashions changed but slowly, whereas women's— "Well, I'd rather be dead than out of style, Frank!"

And so it went. But if she did not love her husband, there intervals are shocked by a scandal, and at short ones, say every other summer, are stirred by some kind of a sensation, and

gaged to five different men at different times, and believed to have been engaged to two different men at one time. Asked as to this by one of her chums she was reported to have replied: "Do you know I believe it true; I had totally forgotten about Ned Colston before Mr. Forman had been at the post a week. Of course the only thing to do was to break with both and let them start fresh." But this Mr. Colston, whose head had been somewhat cleared by a month of breezy, healthful scouting, accepted only in part—that

you couldn't afford to lose yourself a mo-

you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment, and yet if ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, for your own sake. Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing table at the moment, her face averted. The Mary Powell was just rounding the point and the meliow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the highlands. Nita was gazing out on the gorgeous efwere still: echoing through the highlands. Nita was gazing out on the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush as vivid mantling her cheeks, her lip quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying. "I'm not in love with him," she finally said. "Perhaps not-yet. Surely I hope not,

"Perhaps not-yet. Surely I hope not, but it looked awfully like it was coming. And, Nita, you simp'y mustn't. You've got to marry money if I have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute, if you'll only listen."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least, not until we left here—and you've shouldn't hear that hateful thing again— at least, not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"
"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with your youth and advantages, you can pick and choose. Colonel Frost has mines and money all over the west, and he was your shadow at the seashore, and all broken up— —he told me so when we came here Pad. he told me so when we came here Pod. dy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a

"His uncle-" began Nita feebly. "His uncle has a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only fifty-five hundred. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what he year do

to show her further attention, and the newly presented-almost all women-said "so very pleased," but failed to look it, "so very pleased," but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butier had 'phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to does for dinner after I get home and must be at 110th street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you attll in college? Why, I thought..."

thought—"
That cab was twenty-five minutes coming, and when it cane Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away up to 110th street, yet what other way could a girl go in dinner dress. He left her at her door with a rejuctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a haif pint of hock, had a light dinner with a haif pint of hock, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned. It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense, as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense, as

mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense, as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion; but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there; he would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nits but her her her was the sented to th sented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark— Cashton, a Wall street broker, blackballed at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her She told the lie with downlittle fortune cast eyes and cheeks that burned, fo

and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her host-csses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to hurry them, and then he came back and "Then he waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right." "He's a doubledyed liar," raved "Gov," furiously. "And so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious but I couldn't eat a mouthful." so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful." (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied). "I was worrying about you, and—and—about myself, too, Gov. I had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint! Won't you try to forgive me?" give me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime Senior was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Cunarder and took the midweck White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor Gov's chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then is sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than i began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was say-ing little, for she hated writing. Gov was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how ner-vous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise, and did his best to be leving and heatbarly to did his best to be loving and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let Gov return to America. At last, one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wan-dering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank had an down to the appling water's edge,



of Virginia" for Albuminuria and Chronic

"Especially

Bright's Disease SAMUEL O. L. POTTER, A.M., M.D., M.R.C.P., London Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, Cal., in his "Hand-book of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics," in the citation of remedies under the head of "Albu-"BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia is highly minuria," says: "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER recommended."

Under head of "Chronic Bright's Disease," in the citation of remedies, he says: "Mineral waters, especially the many advocates."

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even prudish-women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said. "Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it-a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coal bin rather than leave ner. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evenon until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted german leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, but the set of his years and he longed to show those tight-waisted. the rest. and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-bestrewed fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to set rom Lippincett's Magazine.

but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and, of course, she can't let him take

her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort tonight,"
Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer." And so began the second period of Gouv-erneur Prime's thralldom. A young civillan at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see and live in daily torment. One comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov" was such a dear boy and they were such stanch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintence of Part had early made the acquaintance of Pat Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympa-thy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor alluded to—that they were desperately in love with the sisters, and it was not long before it began to dawn on Prime that pretty little gold Nita was playing a double game—that even cisco. while assuring her guardian sister that she had only a mild interest in Latrobe, she was really losing or had lost her heart to him, and in every way in her power she sobbed; "for the sun always shines was striving to conceal the fact from Marwas striving to conceal the fact from Mar-garet, and yet meet her lover at hours when she thought it possible to do so without discovery. As the friendship strengthened between himself and Latrobe they began using him as Cupid's postman. and many little notes and some big one found their way to and from the 4th di-vision of cadet barracks. Mrs. Frank was only moderately kind to her civilian adorer then, granting him only one dance at each hop, and going much with other men, but that dance was worth seeing. Prime's was the only black "claw-hammer" in the room, and therefore conspicuous, and cadets—who know a good thing when they dets—who know a good thing when they see it—and many a pretty girl partner, would draw aside to watch the perfection of their step and the exquisite ease with which they seemed to float through space, circling and reversing and winding among the other dancers, he ever alert, watch-ful, quick as a cat and lithe and strong as a panther—she all yielding, lissome, airy grace. That dance was "Gov" Prime's re-ward, and almost only reward for hours of impatient waiting. Other women, charming and pretty and better women, would gladly have been his partners. Some two or three whom he met at the hotel eve Garrison told him he must—to protect her from scandal-did he ask another to dance At last came the end of the summer's en-campment, the return of the corps to barracks and studies, one blissful week in which he was enabled to spend several uninterrupted hours each day at her side, and then a cataclysm. A letter intended only for Nita's hands fell into those of her sister. It was bulky. It was from Latrobe. She hesitated only a moment, then, with determination in her eyes, opened and read—all. Two days after Nita was whisked away to New York, and within another week, leaving two most disconsolate swains on the Hudson, the sisters, one of them bathed in tears, went spinning away to the west, where Frank Garrison was on duty at department headquarters. Prime was permitted to write once a fortnight (he sent a volume), and Latrobe forbidden, but already the poor boy owned a thick packet of precious missives, all breathing fond love and promising utter constancy, though she had to wait for him for years. For a month Nita would hardly speak to her sister, but in October there were lovely drives, picnics and grayeties of all high. interrupted hours each day at her side

October there were lovely drives, picnics and gayeties of all kinds. and gayettes of all kinds.

There were attractive young officers and assiduous old ones, and among these latter was Frost, with his handsome gray mustache and distinguished bearing, and that air of conscious success and possession which some men know so well how to as-sume even when their chances are slimmer than my lady's hand. The sisterly breach was healed before that beautiful month was over. Frost dined at the Garrisons' four times a week, and drove Miss Nita behind his handsome bays every day or two. In November he asked a question. In December there was an announcement that called forth a score of congratulations around headquarters, and in January the wedding cards went all over the Union— some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who had been looking ill and anxious for six weeks, said his classmates, and falling off fearfully in his studies, said his professors, only a brief note inclosing his letters and begging for hers. At reveille next morning there was no captain to receive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of Company B. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I dn' know." was the answer, and to the amazement of Latrobe's room mate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left the post. He had not even made down his bedding. His cadet uniforms were all there, but a suit of civilian clothes, usually in a snug package up the chimney, that had been used several times "running it" to the hotel after taps in August, was now, like its owner, missing. After three days' waiting and fruitless search the superintendent wired Latrobe's uncle and best friend, old General Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pet". In the friend, old General Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pat." In the spring and ahead of time his class was graduated without him, for the war with Spain was on. In the spring an irate and long-tried father was upbraiding another only son for persistent failures at college. "Gov Prime will get the sack, not the sheepskin," prophesied his fellows. And then, somehow, somewhere, the father heard it was a married woman with whom his boy was so deeply in love, and there were bitter, bitter werds on both sides—so bitter that when at last he flung him-

her accusers, demure and most proper- | self out of his father's study Gov Prime went straight to Mildred's room, silently kissed her and walked out of the house. This was in April. The next heard of him he had enlisted for the war and was gone to San Francisco with his regiment, with the prospect of service in the Philippines ahead of him, but that was full four months after his disappearance. Thither, late in July, the father followed, bringing Mildred with him, and—the reader knows

PATHETIC CHINESE INCIDENT. Mother's Attempt to Dispel the Blindness of Her Child.

This is what the Fair Samaritan saw after she had climbed the dark stairs behind the store and peeped into a room that was in semi-darkness, while she repressed Lee Chung with a warning finger that enforced silence. It was a room of considerable dimensions, with a low ceiling. The windows were so ill-placed, besides being barricaded, that the room was in twilight gloom, although the day was bright without. Its furniture was curiously disposed close against the walls, thus leaving a wide

space in its midst. And in the room the woman Suey Yep was taking part with the little Lee Moy in what was evidently a daily occurrence.
With palms folded suppliantly before her,

she regarded Lee Moy with a look of in-expressible love tinged with sadness. He was hitting wildly about him with a toy whip, and shouting angrily, his language being punctuated by strong Anglo-Saxon expletives. "D-n you, mother! Why cometh not the sun?"

She submitted with the patience of an

She submitted with the patience of an oriental to the imperious language of my lord, her Man-Child.

"Oh, son of mine," she replied, with infinite tenderness; "the sun is still at Pekin, drying his hair—for he hath but now risen from his ocean bed. When he hath had his morning meal, and washed his face with dew and decked himself with marigalds he will mount clouds of purple and golds, he will mount clouds of purple and gold and amber and come to San Fr7n-

"Do they of Pekin see more of him than "Yes, son-oh, would we were there!"

"We will go there, mother, at once!" held up his hand for his mother to take is a long and stony roa here to Pekin, and we must eat and drink

before we start."
She led him to a little table, and set cakes before him, and a cup of tea-which she fortified with a generous draught of sam shu.

When he had satisfied his appetite, prepared him another cup similarly sophis-ticated, and set it before him. "Drink once more," she said, "for when we have left San Francisco we shall have no more tchah (tea) till we reach Pekin."

And the little man drank as he was directed, and prepared for his daily flight across-the world.

A Case of Snap Judgment.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I received a valuable lesson in taking snap juagment the other day," said a retall merchant of this city. "I had managed to get some paint on my hands from a marking brush, and stepped into a hotel where I am well known to wash it off. Before proceeding with the scrubbing I took off my ring, which, as you see, is rather a handsome solitaire, and hung it on the faucet. When I went away I forgot to put it on, and didn't observe the fact until a quarter of an hour later, when I was in the place of a friend several blocks away. Of course, I rushed back immediately, and, just as I feared, there was no sign of the ring in the lavatory. A porter happened to pass while I was searching, and he told me that he had seen one of the bell boys take a ring from the faucet a moment or two before and at once slip out of the house by the back way. He gave me the name of the boy, and I started instantly to raise an alarm. As I went through the office I told the clerk in a loud voice, audible to a dozen people standing around, that the boy had stolen my ring, and I wanted him arrested on sight. Then I tore out and gave the same word to a couple of policemen and some people I knew in the adjacent shops. Inside of ten minutes I made a pretty thorough tour of the neighborhood telling everybody to look out for the thief. Then I went to my store, hot and excited, and there stood the bell boy, with my ring in his hand. He had recognized it as my property, and came over at once to deliver it. Really, I cannot describe my mortifica-tion and chagrin. Here I had branded the poor little chap as a thief, and spread broadcast a story that I can probably never wholly recall. Nobody can say how long an unjust suspicion will attach to him in the neighborhood as a consequence of my folly. I gave him \$10, and have done what I could to repair the mischief. The lesson was one I shall never forget. I could to repair the mischief, was one I shall never forget."

She Forgot Her Hatpin

From the Baltimore Sun. Two married ladies of the northern section of the city are regular attendants at the theater on certain nights each week. Their husbands, owing to the nature of their occupations, are unable to accompany

them, so they go alone. One of the ladies resides three squares from the cars and the other nearly two squares, both on the same street. The lady who lives furthest from the cars was asked by her husband if she was not afraid to

walk the distance alone.
"Afraid," she answered, "do you see that?" producing a wicked-looking, long hatpin. "If any man should address me I

One dark night recently the two wives alighted from the car at their usual place and started homeward, cheerfully chatting about the play. They had gone half a square when a man suddenly appeared from an alley. His hat was slouched over his eyes. At a glance the ladles concluded his eyes. At a glance the ladles concluded he was a suspicious character. They slowed up to let him get past, but he slowed up also. Then they walked faster; he did the same. As they neared the home of one of the ladles the man was very close to them. The one who had boasted of what she would do when an opportunity occurred for the use of the hatpin broke in a dead run for the middle of the street, down which she hurried like a wild gazelle. After she had gone fifty or sixty feet a familiar voice rang out: "Say, Nan, where's your hatpin?" It was her husband. She still decleres that it was the meanest act her

IN THE PATHWAY STOOD NITA WITH DOWNCAST EYES.

riss, the colonel, went the way of all flesh, preceded only a few months by the wife of his bosom, the few thousands in life insurance he had managed to maintain went to the two daughters. Not one penny was ever laid out in payment of the debts of either the father or husband. Nita was sent to an extravagant finishing school in Gotham, and along in May of the young gir.'s graduating year bilthe little Mrs. Garrison arrived, fresh from the far west, and after a few weeks of sight seeing and shopping sisters appeared at the Point, even half-mourning by this time discarded. Thirteen years' difference was there in the ages of the "fairy sisters," and not a soul save those who knew them in former days on the frontier would have suspected it. Mrs. Frank in evening dress didn't look over twenty.

give each his hour's confidential chat, and on the Sundays of their coming had no time One levely evening early in August, just on the Sundays of their coming had no time to spare for cadet friends. Moreover, she always drove down in the big 'bus with them Monday morning when the Powell was sighted coming along that glorious reach from Polopel's Island, and stood at the edge of the wharf waving her tiny ker-chief-even blowing fairy kisses to them as they steamed away. No wonder Nita Ter-riss was frivalous and flittation with each rise was frivalous and flittation with each about the time that Cadet Captain Latrobe began to show well to the front in the run for the prize, the two sisters had gone to their room at the hotel to dress for the hop. It was their custom to disappear from public gaze about 6 o'clock, and when they came floating down the stairs in filmy, diaphanous clouds of white, the halls were well filled with impatient cavathey steamed away. No wonder Nita Terriss was frivolous and flirtatious with such an example, said society, and its frowns grew blacker when the Wh'te Sisters, the Fairy Sisters—the "Sylphites," came in view. But frowns and fulminations both fell harmless from the armor of Mrs. Frank's gay insouclance. Nita winced at first, but soon railied and bore the slights of a permanent and sant permanents. liers in the natty cadet uniform, and with women "waiting to see." Then the sisters would go into the dining room and have some light refreshment, with a glass of iced tea-and no matter how torrid the heat or how flushed and dragged other women might look, they were inviting pictures of of e permanent and semi-permanent residents as laughingly as did her more experienced sister. Nita, it was explained, was only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank all that was ever fresh, cool and fragrant. The two fluffy blonde heads would be huddled close together a minute as they studied the bill of fare, and virtuous mawas only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank was giving her this summer at the Point as a great treat before taking her to the far west, where the elder sister must soon go to join her husband. Everybody knew Frank Garrison. He had long been stationed at the academy, and was a man universally liked and respected—even very highly regarded. All of a sudden the news came back to the Point a few months after his return to his regiment that he was academy and the sum to his regiment that he was academy and the sum to his regiment that he was academy. studied the bill of fare, and virtuous matrons at other tables, fanning vigorously, would sniff and say: "All for effect. They know that supper bill by heart. It never changes." All the same, at the bottom of this public display of sisterly devotion and harmony, and in spite of occasional tiffs and differences, there was genuine affec-tion on both sides, for as a child Nita had adored Margaret, and there could be no his return to his regiment that he was ac-tually engaged to "Witchie" Terris. Hot on the heels of the rumor came the weddoubting the elder's love for the child. Some regimental observers said that every bit of heart that elder Terriss girl had was ing cards-Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. ding cards—Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Terriss request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Lieut. Francis Key Garrison, —th United States Cavalry, at the Post chapel, Fort Riley, Kansas, November —, 1804—all in Tiffany's best style, as were the cards which accompanied the invitation. "What a good thing for old Bill Terriss!" said everybody who knew that his impecuniosity was due to the exactions wrapped up in the little one. Neither girl, even after Margaret's marriage, would lis-ten to a word in disparagement of the other, but in the sanctity of the sisterly retreat on the third floor of the old hotel there occurred sometimes spirited verbal tilts that were quite distinctly audible to passers-by in the corridor, provided they cared to listen, which some of them did. On this especial August evening Mrs. Frank was in an admonitory frame of mind. They his impocuniosity was due to the exactions and extravagancies of his wife and "Withad known Mr. Latrobe barely three weeks chie"—"And what a bad thing for Frank Garrison!" was the echo. His Intimates knew that he had "put by" through econo-my and self-denial about two thousand doland yet as Mrs. Frank was sauntering around a turn in Flirtation Wark, leaning knew that he had "put by" through economy and self-denial about two thousand dollars, the extent of his fortune outside of his pay. "She'll make ducks and drakes of it in the six weeks' honeymoon," was the confident prophecy, and she probably did, for, despite the fact that he had so recently rejoined the regiment, "Witchie" insisted on a midwinter run to New Orleans, Savannah and Washington, and bore her lord, but not her master, over the course in triumph. To a student of human nature and frailty, that union of a faded and somewhat shopworn maid of twenty-seven to an ardent and vigorous young soldier many moons her junior was easy to account for. One after another Witchie Terriss had had desperate affairs with half a dozen fellows, older or younger, in the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in the pathway right ahead stood Nita, a lovely little picture, with downcast eyes, and "Pat" Latrobe bending over her, with love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, clinging fervently to both her tiny, white-gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken, as though they were about the wittest, funniest things in the world, and lovely little picture, with downcast eyes, and "very little picture, with downcast eyes, and "very love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, clinging fervently to both her tiny, white-gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken, as though they were about the wittest, funniest things in the world, and he were the best and brightest man she had met in years—so his eyes were riveted, and the tableau had time to dissolve. All the same, that sight gave Mrs. Garrison rather more than a bad quarter of an hour. She was infinitely worried. Not because Pat Latrobe had fallen desperately in love on the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in

meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I of that little fortune was already frittered was. I had to be. It was that or nothing and father was getting tired. You heard how he talked."

The younger sister was still at the dress ing table diligently brushing her shining, curly tresses. She had regained her composure and was taking occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a buttonhook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk. "There came a footstep and a rap at the

"See what it is, Nita, there's a love deor. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love

—I don't want to hop."

It was a card—a new arrival at the hotel.

"Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor,
'm," said the bell boy and vanished. Nita
glanced at the card and instant troub'e
stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison held out her hand, took the card rison held out her hand, took the card and one quick look. The buttonhook drop-ped from her relaxed fingers. The card

"Mr. Gouverneur Prime" For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence. At last the elder spoke. "In heaven's name, what brings that absurd boy back here? I thought him safe in Europe."

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ngenuous devotion of a young boy's neart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and, though no longer a young girl in years, whatever she might be in looks, Margaret Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentleman to the right about, for, though he was only twenty, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been irgentuously devoted to the little lader. been ingenuously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature was "Gov" —a boy still, in spite of the budding mustache, the twenty summers and the barely passed "exam" that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the senior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of those healthy, hearty English schools, where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tabooed." as rigorously "tabooed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check for \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when, dropping in for 5 o'clock tea on some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her away out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and, of course, we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us knowand she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in

away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotel, so much fre-quented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irrepresentable evening electric that rreproachable evening clothes, that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, in-credulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor. fuming in doubt and despair until nearly 10, when a carriage dashed up to the ladles' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstrached with with both little hands outstretched, with face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "In-deed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened, I don't know what, a wheel was bent and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the plazza of that big hotel-you know, we saw

and she seated herself on a stone ledge. while in reckless abandonment he threw himself full length on the dewy grass. In-stantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at And the boy buried his face in her lar

twined his arms about her siender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake, help me if you can, Mildred: I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of

the line was splitting the Atlantic surges and driving hard for home, with Gov cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand. Delight that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's four hundred was a slave to her beck and call; dismay to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around—and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet, who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted. hundred was a slave to her beck and call her beyond that she was a universal favor-ite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted, with a dozen different cavallers every day

